



SYLVICOLA :

William Haughton

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SONGS FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY REV. WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

The rains of Heaven unheeded washed my head,
And Summer suns their burnings on me shed ;
The night dews to my cheek their cold lips pressed,
The zephyr wooed me and the storm caressed.

[See Introduction.]

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To the dear friends
Who have encouraged me to
Publish them, and to all kind readers,
These Idylls and Fantasies from the heart of
Canadian backwoods and the wilds of
Wisconsin, are affectionately
Dedicated by the
AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I know not what may be the fate of this little book. I make no appeal to the hearts or sympathies of a kind public, well knowing that it must stand or fall on its own merits or demerits alone.

I have been solicited to collect in book form the fugitive pieces already published in the local papers, and I have done so without taking time to correct faults. Many of these pieces were written in early boyhood and published in the Canadian papers under the nom de plume "SYLVICOLA." So sweet is the impression left on my heart of their reception, that I have given as the title of my little book a name still dear to me. May these songs—faulty as they are—bring to your heart a tithe of the joy they have given mine.

WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

Viroqua, Wisconsin, 1878.

INTRODUCTION.

My little bark, at rest so long,
Full freighted with thine own glad song,
I launch thee forth on life's wild wave
With few to welcome, few to save.
What kindly hand on that rough sea
Thy pilot and thy guide may be ;
What sheltering and responsive breast
Will harbor thee and give thee rest ?
Yet onward o'er thy journey speed ;
Thy message some lone heart may need ;
Some hand of thy dear gems may take
To bind a brow for love's sweet sake.
On, and to whom thou comest, tell,
O song of mine, we love them well ;
And let thy voice, though rude thou art,
Fall as the dew on some poor heart.

In boyhood's hour I loved the dark green wild,
And worshipped Nature even from a child ;
By lake and stream and under starry skies
I lisped in childhood her wild melodies.
My home was in the woodlands ; from a boy
I climbed her mountains with exulting joy.
Deep in the valley, where the fountain played,
Through Summer's hours my lingering feet delayed.

The rains of heaven, unheeded, washed my head,
 And Summer's suns their burnings on me shed ;
 The night dew to my cheek their cold lips pressed ;
 The zephyr wooed me and the storm caressed.
 From day to day I trod the wild till woke
 My soul to song, and o'er my vision broke
 The soft enchantment of the poet's dream
 In that wild vale by Elva's shadowy stream.

There, on its sheltering bank reclined,
 'Twas mine the Sylvan Muse to find,
 And in that fountain-cleft retreat
 I knelt and worshipped at her feet,
 Till from her pensive eyes to mine
 There passed a power—a spell divine ;
 And dreams that caught their light from heaven
 Awhile to my rapt heart were given.
 I plucked the blossoms from the bough
 And twined them round her radiant brow ;
 Then in love's first outpouring there
 Made the thrilled heart's impassioned prayer.

"O thou whose magic tones impart
 Such freshness to my fevered heart !
 Sweet spirit of an angel clime,
 Of rapturous songs and dreams sublime ;
 Of starry eyes and seraph brow,
 My beautiful, to thee I bow.

Wouldst thou but touch my heart with fire,
 My yearning soul to song inspire ;
 My harp I'll offer at thy shrine—
 It's sweetest numbers will be thine.
 Ah, were this heart to thine but pressed,
 Soft pillowed on that angel breast ;
 These lips receive from thine the kiss
 That steeps the soul in dreams of bliss.
 From that sweet dream I'd wake to thrill
 With music, mountain, vale and rill.

"Angelic Muse! Nymph of the woodland bowers,
 Thou lovest to tread where glide the silver streams ;
 Thy sylvan couch is soft with forest flowers
 Beneath the cedar when the Summer beams.

Upon this bank beside thee I'd recline
 Where tinted waters kiss thy sandaled feet ;
 That fair, sweet brow with forest flowers I'd twine,
 And woo thine eyes till their soft glance I'd meet.

I'd press for thee the summer fruits and bring
 Their cooling nectar when thy lips are dried ;
 For thee the heart's most thrilling songs I'd sing
 While thou art resting by the fountain side.

And when thy limbs grow languid in the heat
 Of Summer's noontide ; where the willows weep

By Elva's fountain would I bathe thy feet
 And fan thee, fair one, with a branch to sleep."

She smiled upon me as she gave
 The boon she taught my heart to crave.
 "Had I not claimed thee as my own,"
 She whispered, "me thou hadst not known ;
 Then take this lute, and I shall guide
 Thy wanderings like some fairy bride.
 I'll tune for thee its rustic strings,
 And warm thy soul's imaginings ;
 And thou wilt seek the shady grove,
 Where hides at noon the amorous dove.
 Thy feet shall through the valley stray,
 Where sunbeams on the streamlet play ;
 And when, with virgin blush, the morn
 Doth kiss the dewdrop from the thorn,
 And in the calm, sweet eventide
 I'll wander, dear one, by thy side.
 Then, take this lute, nor need I tell
 Of all to which its songs may swell :
 Each scene that's wild, sublime or fair,
 Near Nature's heart, I'll meet thee there ;
 And if one wreath of honor thou
 Wouldst ever bind upon thy brow,
 Go strike that lute with daring hand
 And sing thine own wild western land."

That hour is past and fled the scene

I loved so long and long must love ;

There life's enchantment best hath been,

There turns my heart where'er I rove.

The mountain wilds, the vale and lake

To song my soul as erst may wake.

Time hath not chilled, though time hath worn

The lute through many a trial borne,

But not these scenes alone that shed

Full many a joy now quenched and dead ;

There love its first sweet treasure gave,

There lies my long lost darling's grave.

Then onward, O dear gems of song !

My little bark, at rest so long,

I launch thee forth on life's wild tide,

An unseen watcher at thy side,

And out upon that troubled sea

Some hearts will hail and welcome thee..

"TWAS ONLY A SHELL.

"Twas only a shell by the river side—

A tiny and delicate shell ;

But twas kissed by the lips of the tinted tide,

As it slept where the pearly waters hide,

And the sunbeam loved it well.

But alas for the gem with the delicate dye !

"Twas crushed by the foot of a passer by ;

No more will it blush to the tinted wave
In its sanded bed by the whispering cave.

"Twas only a flower by the streamlet's brim,
And it grew in the valley deep ;
But 'twas kissed by the dew when the day grew dim
In the melting fall of the robin's hymn,
And the night wind sang it to sleep.
But alas for the gem with its violet dye !
'Twas plucked by the hand of a passer by :
No more will it blush to the tinted tide
In its grassy bed by the streamlet's side.

"Twas only the heart of a lowly one—
A heart that was tender and true ;
So little were left when its trust was gone,
Yet sweet was the hope that it leaned upon,
And strong was the love that it knew.
But alas for its life ! On a cruel day
A shadow fell and it withered away.
'Twas a faithless love—'twas a trust betrayed,
And the broken heart of a lowly maid.
O red-lipped shell by the sanded cave !
O violet gem by the tinted wave !
O trusting heart of a lowly one !
Away and away from my dream you've gone.
Sad types, when the spoiler's hand is nigh,
Or the careless foot of a passer by.

VESPER SONG.

Softly o'er the purple tide,
 Like some joyous bird we glide.
 List! what low, sweet echoes break,
 Weirdlike, o'er the tranquil lake.
 Sparkling midst the tinted spray
 Orient pearls of amber play ;
 On the zephyr steals along
 Music, mingling with our song.
 O summer eve, delay thy flight,
 And come not, yet, O starry night!
 Thou 'rt beautiful, but ah! thy brow
 Would break the spell that's o'er us now.

Yonder cloud, with sunset dyed,
 Bends to kiss the purple tide.
 Fainter and yet softer still
 Falls the light on vale and hill.
 Hush the vesper song and rest,
 Dreamlike, on the lake's still breast,
 While the day's departing hue
 Gilds those skies of shadowy blue.
 O summer eve, delay thy flight,
 And come not yet, O starry night!
 Thou 'rt beautiful, but ah! thy brow
 Would break the spell that's o'er us now.

FORSAKEN AND LONELY.

Forsaken and lonely,
 I've clung to thy breast
 And looked to thee only
 For solace and rest.
 'Twas thine to bereave me,
 'Tis thine to illumine;
 Ah! why dost thou leave me
 To darkness and gloom?

And then, in mine anguish,
 The Tempter drew nigh:
 "Why, fool, dost thou languish?
 Go, curse Him, and die!
 The cup that He dashes
 In anger, was sweet:
 Will the heart when in ashes
 Still plead at His feet?"

Ah Father! unheeded
 The Tempter stood near—
 In sorrow I've pleaded,
 And wilt thou not hear?
 Thine hand hath pursued me;
 All, all, I resign!
 When thou hast subdued me
 Let mercy be thine.

Forsaken and lonely,
 I cling to thy breast,
 And look to thee only
 For solace and rest.
 'Twas thine to bereave me
 'Tis thine to illume;
 Ah! why dost thou leave me
 To darkness and gloom?



SONG.

Song bird on the leafy bough,
 Wherefore silent? Fly not now.
 Stay, O stay! no foe is near thee;
 Sing, sweet bird, my heart would hear thee;
 Something of thy joy 't would borrow
 In this hour of bitter sorrow.

Warbler on the leafy bough,
 Wherefore silent? Fly not now.

Hast thou not some strain to melt
 Sorrow when 'tis deeply felt?
 When the darkness gathers round us,
 When its damp, cold bands have bound us,
 When a weary watch we 're keeping
 For the dawn that mocks our weeping,
 Hast thou not some strain to melt
 Loneliness, so deeply felt?

Would, sweet bird, thou hadst the skill
 My dull heart with thine to thrill;
 Would that music, melting o'er me,
 One lost treasure could restore me;
 Then, O bird, how I'd caress thee;
 With my heart of hearts I'd bless thee.
 Wouldst thou had the mystic skill
 My dull heart with thine to thrill.

Love beside me dying lies,
 Pleading with her mournful eyes.
 Long she watched and long she waited,
 Weeping, while with sorrow mated;
 Mine the hand each link to sever,
 Till I crushed her heart forever.
 Love beside me dying lies,
 Anguish in her mournful eyes.

Ah! sweet bird upon the bough,
 Wake thy saddest music now;—
 When we're desolate and lonely,
 Sorrow's song can soothe us only.
 Such a watch my heart is keeping,
 I would have some song of weeping:
 Lovely bird upon the bough,
 Wake thy saddest music now

JOHN BROWN.

WRITTEN IN 1860.

Wail for the hero gone,

O slave !

Wail for the hero gone !

Like a rock which the tempest breaks upon
 He stood, while the might of his heart alone
 Beat back the giant wave.

Weep for the hero dead,

O slave !

Weep for the hero dead !

Sublime was the dream for which he bled.
 Be a martyr's crown on the hoary head
 Asleep in a felon's grave.

Mourn for the hero lost,

O slave !

Mourn for the hero lost !

By that awful line in the landmark crossed
 Will freedom rise where the gage is tossed
 To burst thy bonds and save !

Wake for the bold heart hushed,

O song !

Wake for the bold heart hushed,
 For the victim's blood that nobly gushed,
 For the captive wounded, chained and crushed,
 For a people's shame and wrong !

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

Good friend; don't crowd so very tight ;
 There's room enough for two.
 I've got a fancy I've the right
 To live as well as you.
 You're rich and strong—I poor and weak,
 But think you I presume
 When only this poor boon I seek—
 A little elbow room ?

'Tis such as you—the rich and strong—
 If you had but the will,
 Could give the weak a lift along
 And help him up the hill ;
 But, no ; you jostle, crowd and strive ;
 You storm, you fret and fume :
 Are you the only man alive
 In need of elbow room ?

But thus it is on life's rough path—
 Self seems the god of all ;
 The strong will crush the weak to death,
 The big devour the small.
 Far better be a rich man's hound,
 A valet, serf or groom,
 Than struggle midst the mass around
 Without some elbow room.

Up heart, my boy ! Don't mind the shocks ;

Up heart, and push along.

Your hide will soon grow tough with knocks,

Your limbs with labor strong ;

And there's a hand unseen to aid,

A lamp to light the gloom.

Up heart, my boy, nor be dismayed,

But strike for elbow room !

And if you see, amid the throng,

Some fellow toiler slip,

Just give him, as you pass along,

A brave and kindly grip.

Let noble deeds, where'er you be,

Your way in life illumine,

And with true Christain charity

Give others elbow room.

And you, my friend, behind whose back

A dozen hands do wait

To help you on the up-hill track,

Right to the golden gate,

Just have a little manly pluck ;

Your own true strength assume.

The brave heart never waits for luck,

Or weeps for elbow room.

I'm struggling on with might and main,

An altered, better man,

Grown wise from many a by-gone pain
 And many a broken plan.
 Though bruised by many a luckless fall,
 Half blinded in the gloom,
 I'll up and I'll redeem it all!
 But give me elbow room.

GOD BLESS THEM.

God bless the noble hand that brings
 Assistance to the poor and weak ;
 That binds affection's broken strings
 And wipes the tear from sorrow's cheek.
 God bless the kindly lips that name
 Another's fault with tenderness ;
 That hide one-half the world would blame
 And soften all they must express.

God bless the loving eyes that see
 The brighter side of every deed ;
 That gild with holy charity
 What others oft too harshly read.
 O kindly heart and noble hand,
 Yours is the work that angels do ;
 Yours to fulfill the sweet command :
 " Go and with love the world subdue."

SUMMER SONG.

The breathing balm, the soft perfume
 Of beauty bursting into bloom ;
 The dewy morn, the starry night,
 The blending waves of shadowy light ;
 The cloud of everchanging hue,
 The tranquil heavens so deeply blue,
 The blushing buds upon the spray—
 These are thy gifts, O Summer-day !

Sweet Spring, in all her glory dressed—
 Young Summer leaning on her breast,
 Crowned with a wreath of opening flowers,
 Fanned by the breath of southern bowers ;
 The bird's wild carol from the bough,
 The haze upon the mountain's brow,
 The peace, the joy, the flooding light
 Thrill the rapt heart and charm the sight.

What hand but thine, O thou Supreme !
 Could paint the sunbeam on that stream ?
 Could give the pearly dew its light,
 Or flood with gems the starry night ?
 Could wake the myriad joys that throng
 In breeze or bower or wild bird's song,
 More rapturous than a seraph's dream ?
 What hand but thine, O thou Supreme ?

Thou comest in the rushing storm,
 When terrors robe thine awful form ;
 When quivering lightnings round thee meet
 And thunder crouches at thy feet ;
 When at thy beck wild tempests sweep
 And shriek along the howling deep,
 And the mad waves in terror rise,
 Their white lips pleading with the skies.

Less glorious, but how fair, art thou,
 When robed and crowned as thou art now ;
 Not the wild anthem of the storm,
 Nor pitchy darkness round thy form,
 But light and joy and peace serene,—
 The heavens so blue, the earth so green.
 What hand but thine, O thou Supreme !
 Could paint that flower or gild that stream !

He loves not heaven who loves not thee,
 O wealth of Summer scenery !
 From whose cold breast no echoes start
 Responsive to thine own full heart.
 To me, that land where angels throng
 Is rich with verdure and with song,
 And every dream of heaven is bright
 With earth's dear love, its life and light.

STANZAS.

Hail sacred star of Zion's hill !

Light of all lands divine ;
Thy holy twilight lingers still,
Soft gilding many a shrine.

And many a heart is backward turned
With kindling joy to where
Judea's templed altar burned
And prophets knelt in prayer.

How sweetly woke that harp of old,
How soft its cadence fell
O'er many a mountain shepherd's fold
By Sharon's flowery dell.

And music, as of far-off heaven,
Is round us melting still,
Like murmurs of thy brook, rock-riven,
By Kedron's holy rill ;

While echoes, breathing soft and low,
Through slumbering years awake,
Where Jordan's restless waters flow
By Galilee's sweet lake.

Dear symbols, softly shadowing Him
Who once these mountains trod—
The lowly "Babe of Bethlehem,"
The suffering "Lamb of God."

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O star of Zion's sacred hill !
 Light of all lands divine ;
 Thy holy twilight lingers still
 And many a heart is thine.



HOME SONG—IN MEMORY OF LAKE HURON.

Though other climes are wondrous fair
 And beautiful to me,
 And in its tracery everywhere
 The Maker's hand I see ;
 But O the power
 Of twilight's hour
 On such an eve would wake
 My soul to sweeter, nobler song
 By grand old Huron's lake.

I miss the quiet of thy woods ;
 The sunset o'er thy hills ;
 The grandeur of thy solitudes ;
 The music of thy rills.
 There's not a scene
 Where'er I've been
 So beautiful to me,
 And when I'd sing the songs of old,
 I turn, dear home, to thee.

Through many a scene I've wandered long,

And still my feet may roam,
 Since first I left that land of song—
 My native island home.

Yet dearer still.
 The rock and rill,
 The mountain and the brake,
 The maple on thy sunny hills,
 Afar by Huron's lake.

I'd linger on thy golden strand,
 And by thy waters rest,
 To watch the waves that kiss thy sand,
 The sea bird on thy breast ;
 While music sweet,
 With love replete,
 As in the by-gone years,
 Would lull my heart to happiness
 And fill mine eyes with tears.

There's not a plaintive bird that sings ;
 There's not a flower that blows,
 But o'er my yearning spirit brings
 The pang an exile knows.
 There's little left
 By time uncleft,
 Yet memory's sweetest hours
 Will linger by thy mountain streams
 And midst thine own wild bowers.

Farewell, my home, my own dear land !

So blessed from shore to shore :

May Freedom's high and holy hand

Protect thee evermore.

My song shall be

Inscribed to thee,

My inspiration take

Its beauty from thy pine-clad hills

And Huron's dark blue lake.

AD MEAM MUSAM.

Come, my old harp—in other days

We trilled some wild and stirring lays.

Though rude our songs, yet full and free

We poured untaught our minstrelsy ;

And there were hearts that heard and felt

Our music oft could soothe and melt ;

Could fail entranced on beauty's ear,

And wake the sigh and win the tear.

Through Keppel's shades—by Huron's strand—

I swept thee with unsparing hand ;

By Elva's lonely stream I gave

Thy music to the trembling wave.

Why are thy numbers hushed, O lute ?

Why hang thy chords untuned and mute,

When myriad voices call to thee
 With nature's matchless melody.
 Here still the morn thy songs invite—
 The parting eve, the starry night—
 The fragrant vale, the leafy hill,
 The lake, the mountain and the rill :
 Here where Itasca's gorgeous lake
 With glory burns—awake, awake !
 Where Mississippi's waters roll
 Are scenes to warm and nerve the soul.

We love the land whose kindly breast
 A welcome gave and bade us rest.
 Her patriot songs, her birds and flowers,
 Her mountains and her lakes are ours.
 No stranger wanders to her heart,
 Then longs to leave it and depart ;
 Her generous grasp is round him thrown—
 She wins and wears him as her own.
 O heaven blessed land ! from sea to sea,
 From isle to isle, they throng to thee :
 They come, thy noblest boons to share—
 Enough for all and yet to spare.

In boyhood's years we loved to tell
 Of how her heroes fought and fell ;
 How met the dark oppressor's pride—
 Beat back his hosts and, conquering, died.

We loved to trace her history o'er,
 And longed to tread her sacred shore ;
 To feel the liberty she gave
 And find near her great heart a grave.
 For me, when I her name forget—
 The welcome on these shores I met—
 May I an ingrate wandering roam,
 An outcast from the joys of home.

NINA.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

A maiden sang beside the sea,
 Bathing in the briny wave,
 While the mermaid joyously
 Calls her from its lowly cave :
 "Maiden of the violet eyes,
 Maiden of the golden hair,
 Gently from the summer skies
 Comes the morning soft and fair ;
 Dancing on the sunlit sea
 Comes the morn to welcome thee.

"Linger, maiden, by the wave ;
 Linger by the sunlit sea,"
 Softly from her lowly cave
 Calls the mermaid's voice to thee.
 "Maiden of the violet eyes,
 Brow so pure and cheek so fair,

Morning from the summer skies
 Comes to kiss thy golden hair.
 Linger by the sunlit sea,"
 Calls the mermaid's voice to thee.
 Nina of the golden hair ;
 Nina beautiful and fair ;
 Sweeter than the breath of morn,
 Purer than the rose new born.
 O the dream that brought thee nigh,
 Child of ideality !
 Lent thee to my heart awhile,
 With that form, that brow, that smile,
 Peerless in the grace they wore,
 I could bless forevermore,
 Straying as I've seen thee stray,
 Near the fountain's tinted spray,
 Dreaming by the streamlet's side
 In the peaceful eventide.
 Though the mystic chain is cleft,
 Such enchantment still is left ;
 Memory sings her song to me,
 Nina by the sunlit sea.
 Humbly born, of lowly race,
 But pure of heart and fair of face,
 Hers but a peasant's life, but then
 Most blest was Nina of the glen.
 She loved to ramble on the hills
 And dream beside the mountain rills.

Hers were not dreams of that great life
 With gilded toil and feverish strife ;
 But those of balmy summer skies
 Where blade or blossom never dies ;
 Of waves soft rippling on the shore,
 Kissing the sea-shells o'er and o'er ;
 The lone sail on the far blue sea,
 The song bird on the leafy tree,
 The violet hiding by the stream—
 Of these did gentle Nina dream.
 Nina of the golden hair,
 Nina pure and bright and fair.

E'en the woodnymph sang and sighed
 Tenderly, when she was near,
 Bending where the bluebells hide
 By the streamlet soft and clear ;
 Still more sweetly sang each bird
 When the maiden's voice was heard :

"Maiden by the sanded stream,
 By the joyous fountain straying,
 Soft as summer's parting beam,
 Sweet as summer's sunlight playing
 Round that cheek with fond caresses
 Through those silken soft brown tresses.

"Maiden by the streamlet's side,
 Loveliest of earth's fairest daughters,

Bending where the violets hide,
 Bathing in those pearly waters,
 Linger for the songs we sing thee,
 For the pleasant tales we bring thee.

“E’en the waves that wash thy feet
 Blush and journey onward, bringing
 To each laughing flower they meet,
 To each wild bird gaily singing,
 Tales of thee and where thou rovest,
 Of the scenes and songs thou lovest.

“Linger in the quiet glen ;
 Linger still, O maiden, near us ;
 Songs of love we’ll sing thee when
 Thou art weary and thou’lt hear us,
 When the twilight dewes are falling
 To our sylvan lovers calling.”

In a pleasant cottage mid
 Spreading chestnuts and half-hid
 Underneath the vine whose leaves
 Pressed their soft lips to the eaves,
 Dwelt fair Nina. Day by day,
 Through the summer time, she’d stray,
 Selling to the rich and fair
 Flowers and shells of beauty rare.
 Watch her coming through the trees,
 When the evening’s soft-lipped breeze

Wanders by her cheek and hair,
Leaving many a warm kiss there.

Nina, many a queenly brow
To that gentle head might bow,
Longing midst their gems to trace
Half thy beauty, half thy grace;
Many a lordly knight might sue
Fervently at thy dear feet
For that heart so pure and true,
For that love so rich and sweet.
Knight, or swain, or lady fair,
Loved to kiss thy golden hair,
Bent with longing hearts to thee,
Nina of the silver sea.

Nina of the golden hair,
Loveliest brow and cheek so fair,
Softer than the breath of morn,
Red lipped as the rose new born,
O the dream that brought thee nigh,
Child of ideality!
Lent thee to my heart awhile,
With that brow, that cheek, that smile,
Matchless in the grace they wore,
I could bless forevermore.
Lovely as I saw thee first,
Where the joyous fountain burst,

Dreaming by the mountain rills,
 Wandering on the grassy hills,
 Straying through the summer hours,
 Round thy brow a wreath of flowers.
 Beautiful and dear wert thou,
 As in dreams I see thee now,
 Nina of the violet eyes,
 Soft as summer's morning skies ;
 Nina of the golden hair—
 Dream of mine surpassing fair.

POOR JIM.

Kicked and cuffed at fortune's whim,
 Knocked about forever,
 Sick of heart and sore of limb,
 'Tis the fate of our poor Jim—
 Jim so kind and clever—
 Jim, the idol of his mates—
 Jim, the king of crazypates.

Jim has many an anxious friend
 To advise or borrow ;
 Jim so generous that he'll lend,
 Or he'll sport to-day and spend
 All he'll earn to-morrow.
 Jim, you poor, unthinking sheep,
 Friends like yours are very cheap.

Jim had chances like us all,
 And, like some, he took them,
 But at every idler's call—
 Every trip, or slip, or fall—
 Jim too soon forsook them.
 Search the wide world o'er and o'er,
 Jim is like too many more.

Jim they took the other day,
 With cross-questions crammed him;
 Jim could neither plead nor pay—
 Justice would not brook delay,
 And into jail they jammed him.
 Canada this rule has set :
 Your cash or carcass for your debt.

O luckless, reckless, thoughtless Jim !
 When Dame Fortune failed you,
 Friends looked wise and wondrous prim,
 Called you "dunce" and "devil's limb ;"
 Better had they bailed you,
 Than leave you there to rust and rot,
 Half fed, half famished and forgot.

Gentle reader, I'll be bound
 That you think you know him.
 Next time that your rhymer's round,
 If the urchin's out of pound,
 When you like he'll show him ;
 Then, to please the devil still,
 Kick him further down the hill.

WILD FLOWERS.

They come to kiss the sunshine,
They spring to meet the showers,
Unnoticed by the wayside,
These simple sweet wild flowers.
They blossom in the valley,
They bloom upon the hill,
And God's own hand hath touched them
With more than matchless skill.

No scene on earth so lonely,
No spot so wild and drear,
If kissed by sunlight only,
The wild flower blossoms there.
They yield their stores of nectar
To bless the murmuring bees,
And shed abroad their sweetness
Upon the wandering breeze.

When but a child I loved them
And passed the summer long,
Where violets decked the meadow
And birds were wild with song;
And when I see them springing
In beauty o'er the plain,
I bless them still for bringing
My childhood back again.

O violet by the fountain,
 Sweet gem, surpassing fair !
 O wild rose in the mountain,
 Kissed by the summer air !
 I've twined you midst the tresses
 Of childhood's sunny brow,
 Sweet type of pure caresses,
 Gone and forever now.

'TIS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF OURS.

I called to a bird on the wing,
 And he stopped for awhile in his flight,
 Then I heard the sweet song that I sing,
 As it trembled through shadow and light :
 "There is joy in the soft summer breeze,
 There is beauty amidst the wild bowers,"
 And an answer came back from the trees—
 "'Tis a beautiful world of ours."

I said to a streamlet that played
 With the sunbeams the midsummer long,
 "O linger awhile in the shade
 And teach me, sweet fountain, thy song."
 It laughed in the sunlight and then
 It blushed as it kissed the wild flowers,
 And tenderly whispered again,
 "'Tis a beautiful world of ours."

I called to the zephyr that sighed
 Through the blossoms that peeped from the bough
 "O breath of the soft summer tide,
 What message of sweetness hast thou?"
 "I have dashed the perfume from the spray,
 I have reveled mid sunshine and showers,
 And I've learned this sweet song far away—
 'Tis a beautiful world of ours.' "

O heart, canst thou longer repine,
 Or weep for the mildew and blight;
 Let the song that thou hearest be thine—
 Its sweetness, its rapture and light:
 "There is joy in the soft summer breeze,
 There is beauty amidst the green bowers;
 There is peace in the whispering trees—
 'Tis a beautiful world of ours."

PRAISE BE THINE FOREVER.

Praise be thine forever,
 God of Israel's might;
 Thou of life the giver,
 Thou of life the light!
 Well may ransomed throngs adore thee—
 Angels prostrate fall before thee.

But a holier feeling
 Kindled from above,
 O'er us softly stealing,
 Whispers thou art love.
 'Tis the song that mercy gave us,
 'Tis that Jesus died to save us.

Love so condescending,
 Pity all divine,
 Mercy never ending,
 Father, these are thine;
 Fall they not a heavenly token
 O'er the spirit bruised and broken.

In the conflict, dearer
 Than in joy thou art;
 Sorrow brings thee nearer,
 Closer to the heart.
 Trial comes that we may prove thee—
 Burdened most, then most we love thee.

Praise be thine forever,
 God of Israel's might;
 Thou of life the giver,
 Thou of life the light.
 Angels prostrate bow before thee—
 Well may ransomed throngs adore thee.

PADDY TO HIS PIPE.

Come hither, me cutty and comfort me shtill,
 And if ye be faithful and worthy,
 I'll give your defamers a dab o' me quill,
 And I'll write an apology for thee.

Our comfort in trouble—a frind in our need—
 Our help when the muse we're invokin' ;
 O the sweet consolation that lies in the weed,
 O the exquisite pleasure of smokin' !

When bothered by care till me sinses are bowed
 And me janius to poverty driven,
 I light thee and puff till me head's in a cloud
 And I fancy I'm half way in heaven.

The best ov invintions, the highest ov arts,
 A joy and a beauty have made thee ;
 On thee have they lavished the love of their hearts—
 In silver and gems they've arrayed thee.

Yet O, me ould dudheen, though sooty thou art,
 Though delicate lips might not press thee,
 More dear than is Biddy to Paddy's ould heart,
 With deeper delight he'll carress thee.

He loves thy sweet incinse, all fragrant and soft,
 Though foes ov thy downfall are schamin',
 In wreaths ov enchantment it rises aloft,
 And leaves him ov blessedness dramin'.

A pen in me fisht and a pipe in me jaw,
 What beautiful fancies come o'er me ;
 All the world looks fair, with no fault and no flaw,
 And the brightness ov life is before me.

I'm thinkin' the gods in ould times must have known
 This solace long hid from the shtupid,
 For they smoked from ould Jupiter, up on his throne,
 Right down to that urchin, young Cupid.

And Venus, the darlint, sat squat at her ease,
 While Paris his fun was a pokin',
 A pipe in her gob and her arms on her knees,
 As she gave him a lesson in schmokin'.

The weed, O the weed ! may it flourish, say I,
 May it comfort all bards who invoke it ;
 May it bless them who make it, who sell it and buy,
 And, best of all, bless them who smoke it.

Avaunt, all ye croakers ! A word ere I close :
 Be this dudheen all grimy and yellow,
 Just show me a chap with a coal at his nose,
 And I'll show you a prince of a fellow.

TO H. C., ON HIS 67TH BIRTHDAY.

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS CHILDREN.

If gratitude and love combined
 A language of the soul could find;
 If from the heart we might express
 Its living wealth of tenderness,
 'Then, father, could these words impart
 Love's own sweet message to thy heart.

Affection ever brings thee near,
 And bathes thy memory with a tear.
 We breathe thy name, and lingering dwell
 On scenes of old, remembered well,
 And when in prayer we bend the knee
 Our hearts seemed linked to heaven and thee.

That life which no base action knew—
 So pure, so blameless and so true—
 Around us sheds a holy power
 And shields us in temptation's hour.
 What could a child from father claim
 More sacred than a spotless name?

God bless thee, father! On thy way
 May no dark shadow fall or stray;
 May love and peace and joy be given
 To light thy journey on to heaven,
 And all that true affection bears
 Be round thee in thy failing years.

O how we love to linger on
 The dear old memories past and gone ;
 To breathe thy name and speak of thee
 In all thy sweet nobility.
 Thou 'rt treasured in our heart's deep core.
 God bless thee, father, evermore.

The honest brow, the tender smile,
 The heart that knew no fear or guile ;
 The generous hand extended wide,
 The sympathy to none denied,
 The love that only light could see,
 These were the gifts of heaven to thee.

How long and nobly didst thou fight
 In mercy's cause for manhood's right,
 And in the conflict fierce and long,
 Thy heart was brave, thy hand was strong.
 Dear Freedom found a willing shrine
 In that true Saxon heart of thine.

Dear father, when thy prayers are poured
 To Him so loved, so long adored,
 Still lift thy constant heart and pray
 For those beloved and far away.

O may, through all life's changeful hours,
 Our father's faith and God be ours.

IT FALLS SO GENTLY NOW.

I wonder why mine eyes were filled
So oft with bitter tears,
Why sorrow's voice would not be stilled
Through all these lonely years ?
Though tears may dim my eyes again
And sadness shade my brow ;
How changed the pang that moved me then :
It falls so gently now.

Hath time such wondrous power to heal
The wounds we thought so deep—
Forgets the heart at length to feel—
The wearied eyes to weep.
Though oft at memory's shrine again,
As in the past we bow—
How changed the pang that moved us then :
It falls so lightly now.

When first the trial came it seemed,
So dark the cloud it shed,
That joy was but a dream we dreamed,
And hope lay cold and dead ;
But time brought back its peace again,
Its light o'er heart and brow,
And changed the pang that moved us then :
It falls so gently now.

HARD TIMES.

A monster in whose hideous face
The hand of mercy left no trace,
Has bound us in his shackles.
In every nook he pokes his nose,
He treads on everybody's toes,
And grins and hoots and cackles.

•

The strength of all the strong he tries,
The weakness of the weak he spies,
And bares what long was hidden.
He pinches both the rich and poor,
He knocks at everybody's door
And enters in unbidden.

And when the wretch a victim shakes—
A hold of some old friend he takes—
To keep himself from falling,
Till both come rolling to the dust,
So no one will his neighbor trust,
Yet all for help are calling.

For this was saint and sinner ripe,
And now the monster's iron gripe
To ruin's brink has pressed them.
Some bravely battle in his arms,
And others run with wild alarms,
As if the de'il possessed them.

"Hard Times!" such is the creature's name,
 But where he goes and whence he came
 Are matters well worth knowing.
 From people's recklessness, 'tis said,
 The creature oftentimes is bred—
 At least, it helps his growing.

This running headlong into debt,
 This spending what's not earned yet,
 Is still the crying evil.
 Of this let silly folks beware—
 To spend alone and not to spare
 Will drive him to the devil.

A FROLIC ON THE FLOOR.

What's the matter with you, neighbor?
 Is there any reason why
 That your cheek is growing sallow
 And there's jaundice in your eye?
 Why, you look as if you fancied
 All on earth you'd lose;
 If you didn't set me laughing
 You would put me in the blues.
 Have you ever tried what solace
 There is in the magic weed?
 No! Then you should begin it;
 It may help you at your need.

But a better plan I'll mention,
 Since I've thought the matter o'er—
 Have you ever tried a frolic
 With the youngsters on the floor?

'Tut, man! it is no wonder
 That you're gloomy, grim and gray;
 That the horrid bile is eating
 All your heart and soul away;
 That the merry god of laughter
 In your bosom never rung,
 For you've missed the only pastime
 That can make an old heart young.
 O the prancing and the dancing!
 O the laughter ringing wild!
 O the routing and the shouting
 Of a happy hearted child!
 There's a magic music in it
 Which you never heard before:
 Try it, neighbor, for a minute—
 Try a frolic on the floor.

Why, good man, the very baby
 In the cradle there will crow
 When he sees us topsy-turvy,
 Helter-skelter, to and fro.
 And young Kitty there goes screaming
 Till she rolls about with glee.

'Tis a pastime for the darlings,
 And 'tis medicine, man, for me. •
 O the bumping and the jumping!
 O the laughter ringing wild!
 O the routing and the shouting
 Of a merry hearted child!
 Now, good neighbor, don't deny it,
 Will it not your life restore?
 Then, go home, good man, and try it—
 Try a frolic on the floor.



TWILIGHT.

They sing of starlight on the lake,
 Of moonlight on the sea;
 Of morning splendors as they break
 O'er land and lea;
 Of tempest when it shrieks aloud;
 Of thunder's throb from cloud to cloud,
 When quivering through the heart of night
 The storm king speeds on wings of light.
 But sweeter far
 The pale eve star,
 The day fall's darkening blue,
 When twilight lingers till the night
 Bathes her with dew.

This is the heart's most pensive hour,
 It's dreams we love the best,
 When shadowy tree and breathing flower
 Do speak of rest ;
 For light that dazzles oft may hide
 The mystic throb of life's deep tide,
 And nature's kindest charms are shed
 When wooed upon her nightly bed.

O linger still
 By mead and rill,
 And let thy dewy wing
 Enfold us with the dreams we love—
 The peace they bring.

I've watched the moonlight through the trees
 When not a leaflet stirred,
 As night dews kissed to sleep the breeze
 And hushed the bird.

I've seen the sunset waves of light
 Fall rippling at the feet of night,
 As back she swept, with shadowy hair,
 The golden surf that lingered there.

But oh ! the power
 Of twilight's hour
 Is holiest far and best :
 Sweet voices, listening hearts may hear,
 Do sing of rest.

WHITTIER.

Sweet bard---

Poured from a gifted lyre, thy song
Thrilled, even as it passed along

A lute whose silent chord
Would wake for thee a simple strain
Ere silence o'er it sleeps again.

O thou

Hast wondrous power and wondrous skill,
And wondrous love, to wake at will

All that thou wakest now.
Sing on, and let thy music be
Rapt, as an angel's melody.

I read

Thy glowing lines, then on the wing
Of thy great soul's imagining,

Through realms of song I speed ;
Or kneel entranced, as one who hears
A melody that melts to tears.

Apart

From all the gifted and the true
Of heaven-sealed songsters, there are two

That move and win my heart :
Bard of a nation's love, thou 'rt one !
The other, gifted Tennyson.

Thy stand
 Was on the side of heaven and light ;
 Of suffering hearts and human right,
 And thine the guardian hand
 That swept a wild, impassioned lyre
 To strains of love and songs of fire.

The slave,
 Loosed from his galling chain, doth bless
 Thy great heart's holy tenderness ;
 And round the soldier's grave
 A nation's love will linger long,
 For thou hast marked it in thy song.

I dwell
 With kindling joy on what thou 'st won,
 O loving and all conquering one—
 Heart of the potent spell !
 And, kneeling at the same dear shrine,
 Thy soul in music touches mine.

O bard !
 Forever round thy honored head
 The light, the love of heaven be shed,
 And thine the sweet reward,
 When toils and tears and pains are past
 The Christlike heart will meet at last.

I long
 So much, so much, thy hand to take,
 And grasp it once for love's sweet sake,—
 Love's own dear life of song ;
 But bye and bye, though here denied,
 I'll grasp it on the other side.

SUBMISSION.

Of all the forms divinely bright
 That round me move on wings of light,
 There's none more beautiful than thou,
 Maid of the mild, ecstatic brow,

Of all the messengers that bear
 Sweet tokens of our Father's care,
 The fairest 'midst the throng thou art,
 Maid of the meek and lowly heart.

I know not what sweet power of thine
 First touched this stubborn heart of mine ;
 But well I knew thou wert from heaven
 When first that kiss of peace was given.

Thy Sister Patience near thee stands,
 With quiet heart and folded hands.
 In many a conflict dark and drear
 Ye nerve the soul and dry the tear.

Sweet hope, that cheers through many a strife ;
 Dear Faith, that grasps the Rock of Life ;
 And Love, whose song the seraph sings,
 Encircle thee with angel wings.

More beautiful that in thine eyes
 A meek and mournful glory lies,
 And round thy brow undimmed appears
 The diadem of long shed tears.

Where'er I be—whate'er betide,
 Where darkness palls or storms abide,
 Be thy soft arms around me pressed,
 Forever fold me to thy breast.

CROSSING O'ER THE CREEK.

'Twas in the pleasant month of June,
 The happiest of the year,
 When vales are filled with joyous tune
 And skies are soft and clear,
 On one sweet summer eventide,
 Our dark-eyed Susan strayed
 By Elva's stream, at Harry's side,
 The witching red-lipped maid.
 Full long in secret pined his soul
 Of love he dared not speak—

'Till then—his arm around her stole
In crossing o'er the creek.

'Twas but a slippery way at best—
A plank with moss o'ergrown—
And Harry's arm was round her pressed,
His heart was near her own.
The breeze awhile its whisper hushed
And kissed them silently ;
The laughing waves looked up and blushed
That sweet embrace to see.
How could the youth his secret keep :
How fail of love to speak,
When near him turned that tempting lip,
While crossing o'er the creek.

Ah ! youngsters, when of peace ye dream,
And side by side ye stray,
Avoid the bridge o'er Elva's stream,
That sweet but treacherous way.
If ye'd be free from Cupid's dart,
Nor be by love betrayed,
Don't linger closely, heart to heart,
Like Harry and the maid.
Soft words that must the soul betray
From lip and eye will break,
And danger lurks upon the way,
In crossing o'er the creek.

MOTHERLESS.

Poor little weary one,
 Mournful to look upon,
 Sad those sweet eyes in their pleading to see!
 Is there no lip to press
 Thine with a soft caress?
 Is there no mother heart watching for thee?

Sad little straying one,
 Homeless and woe begone,
 None to protect thee, to love thee or guide;
 Is there no angel bright
 Watching thy steps to-night,
 Moved by thy sorrow, unseen at thy side?

May some poor mother heart,
 Forced with its joy to part,
 Mourning the blossom that's blighted and gone,
 Touched by that wan, sad face
 Give thee the empty place,
 Poor little wandering, motherless one!

Tears! how they're nightly shed
 Hands! how they're in pleading spread
 Heavenward, longing for love that is flow
 Yet not a tear for thee,
 None can thy sorrow see,
 Sad little wanderer, homeless and lone.

May not a mother's care,
 Will not her dying prayer
 Enter his heart who hath promised to be
 Light in life's bitterness,
 Hope of the motherless?
 Child of the promise, He watches for thee.

NELLIE.

She came to bind affection's ties,
 To light our load of care,
 To win us with her soft blue eyes,
 Sweet pearl, surpassing fair.
 But soon the earthly bond was riven—
 She went to lead our hearts to heaven.

The lily hands upon the breast
 Are folded still and white;
 No song to hush her babe to rest
 The mother sings to-night;
 But there's no sorrow on His heart
 Where sheltered now, dear lamb, thou art.

The summer comes again to touch
 Its bloom on blade and tree;
 But ah! sweet blossom, loved so much,
 It comes not back to thee.
 And yet, O child of many a prayer,
 Eternal summer waits thee there.

O hearts that ache o'er parted ties !

'Twas hard to give her up—

To hide your tears from human eyes,

Yet drink the bitter cup ;

'Twas hard to kiss the cold white brow

And lay her where she's sleeping now.

O for the faith that upward springs

Through darkness, doubt and gloom ;

That hears the song a seraph sings,

And light the lonely tomb.

A little while to watch and weep—

There's calm beyond the troubled deep.

We lay them down, with tears, to rest—

The tender and the fair ;

We hush the sorrow in the breast

And lift our hands in prayer.

He hears our bitter, mournful cry—

The answer cometh bye and bye.

The tear in many a lonely hour

At memory's touch may start,

But time will fall with soothing power

And love bind up the heart.

A little while to weep at best,

Then home and heaven and endless rest.

HURON.

This is the spot and this the scene
 Where long my heart and hopes have been,
 And here again my lute will wake
 To song beside the dark blue lake.
 O Huron! glory of the west,
 I read not on thine azure breast
 The deeds of grandeur, power or pride
 That swept of yore thy billowy tide.
 Departed are the braves who trod
 Untrammelled o'er their native sod;
 Nor battlement nor tower remains
 To weep their exit on thy plains.

When woke the Indian's battle-cry,
 Fierce as the eagle's scream on high,
 And many a dark browed chieftain gave
 His life blood for a warrior's grave—
 Then, Huron, thy dim islands saw
 The watchfires of the Ottawa,
 And stretched Algonquin's remnant bands
 From Erie's wave to thy red sands.

But they are gone, and dim the trace
 That's left us of that valiant race.
 For them, O Fame, no voice thou hast,
 Save shadowy legends of the past.

Could we long silent echoes wake
 From out thy depths, O glorious lake !
 Or read, while gazing on thy brow
 That page of old, so voiceless now.

Yet mighty though that past may be,
 A nobler morrow waits for thee,
 And soon on thy dim isles we'll trace
 The footprints of a mightier race—
 A race whose living power shall wake
 Thy name to song, O radiant lake,
 Whose deeds forever mark the scene
 With triumph where thy steps have been.

A FRAGMENT.

From the poet's dreamy Aiden,
 Gathered pearls at many a shrine,
 With His blessing winged and laden,
 Onward, O thou song of mine.

Tell the bruised and weary hearted
 Mercy hears their every cry ;
 Every tear by sorrow started
 Finds the Father's heart on high.

Tell them in thy sweetest measure,
 Tell them of that love divine :

Some poor weeping heart may treasure
Midst its tears a note of thine.

Love's sweet music ever falleth
Pangless as the balm she brings;
Sweet, as when an angel calleth,
Is the matchless song she sings.

O ye hapless hearts that languish,
Troubled, tried and tempest tossed.
Think not in your hour of anguish
That your faintest cry is lost.

Forms unseen are round you moving,
Sheltering wings are o'er you spread,
Angel hands, unfelt but loving,
Gather up the tears ye shed.

Then from out the poet's Aiden,
Like some vision half divine,
With His blessing winged and laden,
Onward, O thou song of mine.

LET OTHERS TELL HOW GREAT THOU ART.

Let others tell how great thou art;
How great thy power on high;—
I love thee for the tender heart,
The kind and pitying eye.

I love thee for the mercy given,
The pity deep and strong ;
O thou art praised in earth and heaven—
What need of my poor song.

When but a wandering child I strayed
Far from the shepherd's fold ;
When wounded, weary and dismayed
My griefs to thee I told.

Then didst thou lift me in thine arms,
And on thy kindly breast
Didst tell me of a Saviour's charms
And lulled my heart to rest.

Then blessed be thy hallowed name,
And blessed be the hour
I yielded to that Saviour's claim
And fled the tempter's power.

So, while others tell how great thou art,
How vast thy power on high,
I'll love thee for the tender heart,
The kind and pitying eye.

A WOODNYMPH.

Two roguish eyes as black as coal,
 Two lips that somewhere stole
 Their fragrance from the roses ;
 Soft tresses, dark as ebon night,
 A cheek within whose dimpled light
 The blush of dawn reposes.

A face so like a dream divine—
 'Twas such a face that looked on mine
 With mingled fear and wonder.
 Then suddenly the vines were stirred,
 And such a rippling laugh I heard
 From out the bushes yonder.

I could not move—entranced I stood
 Within the shadows of the wood,
 Lost in a dream Elysian ;
 But while I dreamed the sprite or fay
 Swift vanished from my sight away,
 Like some enchanted vision.

I called to mind my boyhood's dreams
 Of woodnymphs by the haunted streams,
 With vines and blossoms laden ;
 But here in this secluded wood
 Was one of real flesh and blood—
 A veritable maiden.

I then and there made up my mind
 That laughter-loving fay I'd find—
 I'd seek her late and early;
 I'd hunt the woodland o'er and o'er—
 Yea, search the land from shore to shore,
 Until I caught her fairly

Not long I sought, O joy supreme!
 I found her resting by a stream,
 Half hid amongst the bushes.
 Her feet hung o'er the clamoring tide
 That kissed them and then fled to hide
 Beneath the bank its blushes.

But how I wooed the maiden fair,
 What tales I told her then and there,
 Of how my heart had sought her,
 I may not speak, O friend, save this:
 That twilight was an age of bliss
 By Elva's starlit water.

NEWTON.

Within the bosom of thy quiet hills.
 Securely sheltered where no storms assail,
 Kissed as they wander by the whispering rills
 And bathed in beauty, sleeps a peaceful vale.

A spot romantic, beautiful and bright,
 Touched with a wild enchantment, soft and fair,
 The lingering summer sheds her failing light,
 And beauty seeks her couch to slumber there.

The heart that loves to lean on Nature's breast
 And woo her teachings, seeks a spot like this ;
 Here, worn and wearied might the wanderer rest
 And dream again dear childhood's dream of bliss.

When first I looked upon thy verdant hills,
 Young summer robed them with her garb of light
 And all of joy that softens, soothes and thrills
 Found my sad heart and held my lingering sight.

I wandered by the stream that gently flows
 Through thy fair bosom where the maples lean,
 The mill's glad music stirred the soft repose
 And threads of crimson twined the shadowy green.

All thrilled my heart and bade me turn to Him
 Whose works are glorious and divine His skill,
 And there I lingered till the day grew dim
 And the pale star went down behind the hill.

Sweet vale of beauty ! long may peace be shed
 Upon thy dwellers, now so dear to me.
 Where'er in life my wandering feet may tread,
 Beloved Newton, I'll remember thee.

WABEGA: AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Wabega—glory of thy tribe—with pride
The chieftain made his loveliest one thy bride.
From nobler warrior ne'er was homage paid
Than thine to that unrivaled Indian maid.
And well she loved thee, for what hand could vie
With thine when woke Algonquin's battle cry ;
Thine arm the mightiest, thine the truest lance
That swept the warpath or that graced the dance.
When flushed with victory from the battle, thou
The humblest captive at her feet would bow,
Breathing thy love, no deeper than her own,
With pleading eyes and soft, entreating tone.

And she was beautiful—Mahina's eyes,
Soft as the shadows of the morning skies,
Spoke but too well whate'er the spirit felt,
When pride would kindle, or affection melt,
No sculptor's hand e'er wrought a lovelier face,
Or touched a form with more voluptuous grace,
And ne'er did flowers a happier lustre bring
'Than gemmed that hair, dark as the raven's wing.
Swift as the fawn were thy unsandaled feet
To meet thy warrior in love's wild retreat,
A quiet vale within whose depths was heard
The soft, sweet cooing of the woodland bird.

But woke at last the battle-cry that gave
 Full many a warrior to a gory grave,
 And then, Wabega, with love's last adieu,
 From thy fond arms to meet the foeman flew.
 Fierce was the battle—terrible the foe—
 Nor gleaming lance could lay Wabega low.
 Of many warriors, none could boast like he
 The steel unbroken, filled with victory ;
 Of all the band who had for glory burned,
 But few to tell their deeds of might returned,
 And war's red trophies though with pride arrayed
 Told the sad price they had for victory paid.

But why, Wabega, hast thou left the dance?
 Why flung from thee the warrior's bow and lance?
 In thy dim eyes and on the whitening cheek
 Do mightier griefs than war's red slaughter speak.
 They lead thee slowly to a dark, wild glen,
 They point thee out a new made grave, and then
 They leave thee, silent and alone, beside
 Mahina's grave—thy dear and promised bride

She pined for thee, and ere the summer hours
 Left their last kisses on the fading flowers,
 Her soft, dark eyes were of their light bereft
 And on her cheek the seal of death was left.
 She pined for thee, though well she knew that thou
 Wouldst come back conqueror as thou comest now.

Thou wert to her life's fountain whence her heart
Drank in existence but to droop apart.

In vain the warrior's to his pride appeal,
His hand no more will grasp the glittering steel ;
His heart is left the tomb of dark despair—
Life's hopes and joys and dreams lie buried there.
What to him now the glory he has brought
From battle's conflict, when so dearly bought ?
The heart that kindled when his deeds were told,
Is chilled by death and in the ground lies cold.

Wabega, glory of the Wyandot,
Can battle's call from sleep arouse thee not ?
Thou from whose eyes the Mingo turned and fled,
Why trembling shrink and hang the weary head ?
Thou who couldst meet the foe with fearless brow ;
A woman's soul is all that's left thee now,
And tears are trembling in those eyes that once
Gave back the foe Algonquin's lightning glance.
Shame on thee, chieftain ! leader of the brave,
Like some soft maiden weeping by the grave.
What though of one that loved thee thou'rt bereft ?
Wake thee and win—there's many a maiden left.

Vain their appealing to his power or pride :
Within his heart the warrior's fire has died.
Like some scathed tree he's left o'er what has passed
The lightning's bolt or storms un pitying blast,

His eyes were bent full many a time afar
 Where burned at eve the lonely twilight star,
 And in the west, where the dark mountains reared
 Their lofty heads, an angel form appeared
 With outstretched hands, inviting him to rest
 From his deep sorrow on her cloudy breast,
 Girded and crowned with sunset's crimson dyes,
 Winged with the sunbeams from the radiant skies:
 And a sweet voice from out these clouds of snow
 Would whisper words in music soft and low—
 Words of such soothing and of power so sweet,
 He yearned to worship at the angel's feet.

“Come, O Wabega, come, I wait for thee,
 O'er the blue mountains will our bridal be ;
 Let the dark grave no longer bind thy feet,
 Come, O my warrior, and the lost one meet.
 Here not a cloud the summer's glory shades,
 No leaflet droops, nor fragrant blossom fades,
 Joy lingering laughs beside the sparkling rills,
 Eternal summer sleeps upon these hills.

“I sang for thee with weeping, when afar
 Thy strong, brave arm was bared in deeds of war ;
 I prayed that great Chemanitou would fling
 Around thy head the shadow of his wing.
 I craved for thee the life to me denied,
 But ah ! I miss thee, loved one, from my side !

Thine, the last name that trembled on my breath,
The last sweet memory in the hour of death.

“But come, O my loved one, away to the west,
Where the star in the twilight sinks down to its rest.
O list to the welcomes that murmuring break
The songs of the spirit land o’er the blue lake.

“Thy path shall be bright where the blessed ones rove,
The home of the brave who are faithful to love;
Thy plumes shall be twin’d with the sunbeams that glow
On the clouds, whose soft bosoms are fairer than snow.

“The way may be lonely, but I will be near
When thy feet become weary, to guide and to cheer.
Then haste, O my loved one, away to the west.
The bride thou art weeping invites thee to rest.”

Onward for many a weary day
Wabega trod his lonely way.
On from the land of shade and snows
To where the fragrant south wind blows,
And bird and stream and tree and flower
Became more beauteous every hour,
As guided by an unseen hand,
His steps approached the spirit land.
And echoes o’er the blue lake’s breast
Came floating from the far off west,
Soft breathing in melodeous songs

Of welcome from the waiting throngs ;
 Thy steps before have never been
 Through such a wild, enchanting scene.
 Here might thy lonely journey cease,
 And thy worn heart lie down in peace.
 No storm comes here, no chill of night,
 The glory of the wilds to blight—
 No wrathful spirit ever leaves
 His shadow on the lake's blue waves :
 A thousand hues with blending dye
 Shed their sweet light on earth and sky,
 And joyful birds that know no fear,
 And flowers of rich perfume are here.

Yet onward, o'er yon radiant lake
 Its journey thy canoe must take ;
 There waits for thee Mahina's hand,
 There welcome thee the spirit band.
 But onward ! fearless, thou may'st glide,
 No storm sweeps o'er that crystal tide ;
 Lit from the glory of the west,
 Night flings no shadow o'er its breast.
 Onward ! and steer thy bark aright
 Where yonder mountains burn with light.

One purple mountain guides thee now,
 The home of great Chemanitou ;
 Thy sorrows and thy pangs are past,

Thy soul is near its home at last!
 There thine enraptured eyes shall see
 The land of immortality.

O blissful region, where the skies
 Burn with eternal summer dyes.
 No shadow cold—no winter chills
 The verdure on these sunlit hills,
 Nor war's wild peal, nor battles song
 Is heard the sleeping vales among.
 Nor tempest sweeps, nor thunder wakes
 An echo on these tranquil lakes.

But fairest sight thine eyes can see,
 The lost and loved one waits for thee;
 Robed with the sunbeam, round her brow
 A wreath of light is burning now.
 In those dark eyes, so soft, so sweet,
 The old, dear love thine own will meet;
 Her lips unstained, to thine shall press
 An angel's dream of blessedness.
 How sweeter far to linger here
 By vale so green and lake so clear,
 Than bear again Makina's form
 To thy dark land of cloud and storm.

Wabega hear! what words are these,
 Soft breathing on the balmy breeze?
 A voice is calling on thee now—
 A message from Chemanitou!

Alas, alas ! thou must retake
 Thy journey back o'er yonder lake.
 For many days thy path shall be
 'Midst thine own mountain scenery ;
 A chieftain's power will be thy lot—
 The bulwark of the Wyandot ;
 And by the council fire thy word,
 Like wisdom's echo, shall be heard.
 Then cease to wail upon the grave
 Of her whose life thou couldst not save :
 Go and fulfill thy destiny,
 And, fair as now, she'll wait for thee.

'Then came the sound of myriad wings,
 Love breathing on harmonious strings ;
 The spirits of the mighty dead
 Waved their soft pinions round his head,
 And came o'er his enraptured sight
 Ecstatic dreams of joy and light,
 Till his thrilled heart within him burned,
 As from the Elysian fields he turned.

Alas ! Wabega, 'twas a dream that went
 Across thy soul, even as thine eyes were bent
 On the pale star that watched thy tears at eve,
 As thou wert watching by the lost one's grave.
 'Twas but a dream, and yet a dream that left

A happier influence on the heart bereft.
 But what a change ! Night's chill is on thy head,
 And thou art bending o'er the buried dead.
 No echoes here the gloomy silence break
 Save the sad moaning of the shadowed lake.
 But rise, O warrior ! thine that land may be—
 That dream at last may find reality.



HAVE YOU ERRED, O BROTHER ?

Have you erred, O brother ?

Have you wronged another ?

In some hour when passion swayed you,

When a moment's wrath betrayed you ?

Have you erred, O brother ?

Have you wronged another ?

Will there be no sorrow

When ye meet to-morrow ?

Brother, go ; be noble hearted,

Bind again the ties you've parted,

Then you'll meet to-morrow

Without shame and sorrow.

Has some loved one grieved you,

Some old friend deceived you ?

In some hour when passion swayed him,

When a moment's wrath betrayed him,

Has some loved one grieved you,
Some old friend deceived you ?

Brother, judge not blindly ;
Meet the erring kindly,
With thine own heart's interceding,
It may be, his tears are pleading.
Brother, judge not blindly,
Meet the erring kindly.

One there is in heaven
Who hath much forgiven ;
One who every blessing gave us ;
One who suffered death to save us.
Be like Him in heaven,
Who hath much forgiven.

ALICE.

Gentle Alice, blue eyed maiden,
Tripping lightly through the glen,
With thy pail of wild fruit laden,
Welcome to our eyes again.

Joyous Alice, gently shaking
Thy fair tresses to the breeze,

Midst their gold the sunlight breaking,
Softened by the shadowy trees.

Didst thou gather all these berries
With thine own fair hands alone ?
Felt these boughs of wild, red cherries
Arm no stronger than thine own ?

Ah ! methinks from yonder hamlet
Stole a youth with raven hair ;
Didst thou linger by the streamlet
For a dark-cheeked comer there ?

Soft-eyed Alice, now we hear thee
Singing blithely through the glen ;
While he bent those branches near thee,
Didst thou sing or listen then ?

'Neath the trees and midst the bushes !
What a pleasant place to stray—
Loitering where the wild rose blushes,
Gathering berries by the way.

Ah, sweet Alice ! soft-eyed maiden,
Tripping lightly through the glen,
With thy pail of wild fruit laden,
Welcome to our eyes again.

SONG.

Beautiful bird with a trembling wing,
 Weary and lost in thy wandering,
 'Thou hast journeyed far o'er a treeless wild,
 Where the tempest sweeps and the rocks are piled.
 Go back, go back, to thine own wild bowers,
 Where the air is sweet with the breath of flowers.

"I have wandered east, I have wandered west,
 I have journeyed far from my lowly nest ;
 I have searched the woodlands o'er and o'er,
 But the mate that I love will return no more,
 And I've come, where no happy heart is nigh,
 To watch my pangs, or to see me die."

Alas! poor bird! but perchance his eyes
 Have looked for awhile on a fairer prize :
 Some siren's song from the leafy dell
 Hath wiled his heart with a wizard spell.
 Return, sweet bird, it may be that now
 He mourns thy loss on the lowly bough.

"A maiden came to our trysting place—
 A weeping maid with a sad white face ;
 She sang of a false deceiver's art,
 Of a trust betraye^d and a broken heart.
 And we answered back from the swinging spray :
 ' But man alone will his mate betray.' "

O beautiful bird ! then it cannot be
 That thine absent mate has been false to thee ?
 He knew no change, but he lies full low
 Afar where the sapphire violets blow.
 Go back to thine own wild haunts again ;
 Thou wilt find a mate in the bowery glen.

“A lady came to our trysting tree,
 And she sang a song, but so mournfully,
 Of a loved one lost on the cruel wave,
 And her heart lay deep in his billowy grave.
 And we answered back from our green retreat :
 ‘No woman’s heart can its love repeat.’”

O beautiful bird with the dewy eyes !
 Between our hearts there are kindred ties ;
 We have loved and lost, and around us springs
 The bond which a mutual sorrow brings.
 We’ll sing of the past in this lonely wild
 Where the tempest sweeps and the rocks are piled.

LOVE CANNOT LIVE ALONE.

I sat and mused in dreamy thought,
 And visions came and went
 Of bliss that wakes but lingers not
 When love’s dear light is spent.

I thought how love will pine and die,
 If unrequited long,
 When from the heart no answering cry
 Gives back her own sweet song.

How at the door she lingering lies,
 With tenderness divine,
 Long seeking what the heart denies—
 An entrance and a shrine.

I thought of many a lowly life,
 Of many a weary brain;
 No rock to shelter in the strife,
 No hand to soothe the pain.

“O love!” I said, “who wearied not,
 Why wretchedness like this?
 O love! when wildly and long sought,
 Why still deny this bliss?”

Back to my heart and on my ear,
 In soft and tender tone,
 There came a whisper sweet and clear—
 “Love cannot live alone.”

She seeks her kind where'er she be,
 She gilds all life with light,
 And 'neath her blessed ministry
 E'en sorrow has no night.

She meets the blow for others given,
 And bears its greater part ;
 She guides the weary one to heaven,
 And binds the broken heart.

She seeks the wretched and betrayed
 And makes their cause her own ;
 She waits the welcome long delayed.
 Yet cannot live alone.

O bind her to your heart of hearts !
 Forever make her thine,
 For when the angel Love departs
 No light of life can shine.

Yes, even love will pine and die,
 If unrequited long ;
 When from the heart no answering cry
 Gives back her own sweet song.

COME HOME.

Come home, O loved one, daylight soft declineth,
 And the pale stars look sadly from the sky ;
 My lone, lone heart with anxious sorrow pineth
 For the sweet peace it feeleth when thou'rt by.

Come home, O dearest ; thine shall be the greeting
 Thou so much lovest from my lips to hear,
 When near my own thy cherished heart is beating,
 And thy low voice falls softly on my ear.

For thee the welcome ever fondly given ;
 For thee the warm seat by the bright fireside ;
 For thee the arm whose circling is thy heaven ;
 For thee the kisses now too long denied.

And this sweet babe, wrapped in its softest slumbers,
 Will wake and smile into thine own glad eyes.
 O come ! each welcome my poor heart would number
 Thy long tarrying still too long denies.

No echo answers but the low, sad breaking
 Of winds that moan around yon shadowy hill
 Thine eyes with looking through the gloom are aching,
 Come home, O dearest one ! why linger still ?

Thou, too, art weary, darling—long and lonely
 Thy days have been, but now thy steps are near
 To her who needs but thy dear presence only
 To breathe no sorrow and to shed no tear

PEACE, NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.

I asked my heart when memories thronged
Around it from the buried years,
Was there no peace for which it longed,
No shelter in this vale of tears?

Then like a weeping child it knelt,
Sick with its sorrow at His feet,
Pleading the lowliness it felt,
And yearning His dear love to meet.

As when a father stoopeth low
And lifts the wanderer to his breast,
Wipes with his hand the tears that flow,
And lulls the weary one to rest.

So did He lift me to His heart—
The sorrow stilled, the sin forgiven—
He bade the lowliness depart,
And kissed me with the peace of heaven.

There is no hand on earth to bless,
O Father!—no dear hand like thine,
Soft in its holy tenderness,
Sweet in its touch of love divine.

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

There sat in my house on a Christmas night,

Two angels wondrous fair—

The one with a brow of elysian light,

And the other with raven hair.

'Twas the dark browed angel who had held

To my lips that bitter draft,

On the mournful day when by heaven impelled

From the Circean bowl I quaffed.

On the desolate day when my darling died,

And my soul was wrung with pain,—

When he whispered of death with his ghostly breath,

'Till he tortured and turned my brain.

But there sat in my house this Christmas night,

Two angels wondrous fair—

The one with a brow of elysian light,

And the other with inky hair.

Then down in mine eyes and around my breast

His raven hair he swept,

'Till the shadows of death my soul oppressed,

And my heart in its anguish wept.

“O angel of death, was my home too bright—

Had the Master smiled too long,

That you cast such a blight on its peaceful light,

And you crushed out its life of song?

"Does my soul yet again to your breath lie bare?
 Will your shadow no longer depart,
 'Till you've blinded my eyes with your inky hair,
 And you've kissed out the light of my hearts,
 But there sat in my house this Christmas night
 Two angels wondrous fair—
 The one had a brow of elysian light—
 The angel of Peace was there.

He stood between me and the shadow of death,
 And a kiss on my brow he pressed;
 And I felt the sweet life of that angel's breath,
 As I lay on his kindly breast

He swept with his hands from my blinded eyes,
 That shadowy hair away,
 And shed the soft light of his own sweet skies,
 Where the damp and the darkness lay,

Again I feel strong for the battle of life,
 By this pledge of a Father's love;
 I can patiently wait till the end of the strife,
 As my Willie is waiting above.

So there sat in my house on a Christmas night
 Two angels wondrous fair—
 The one with a brow of elysian light,
 And the other with raven hair.

STANZAS.

Go call the summer flower that springs
 And bind it on thy breast.
 Then if the soul to beauty clings,
 There let it meekly rest.

Or if thou knowest one that's fair,
 Whose heart is pledged to thine,
 Amidst the maiden's sunny hair
 The simple blossom twine.

There is a language in the flower
 Affection only reads,
 And all of love, of hope that's ours
 That language softly pleads.

Nor weep to see its bloom decay,
 'Tis but a type of all
 Our earthly bliss that fades away—
 Our happiest dreams that fall.

Then call the fairest flower that springs,
 And bind it on thy breast,
 And if thy heart to beauty clings,
 There let it meekly rest

A LITTLE CHILD.

God help the man without a mate,
 The ship without a chart,
 The house by death left desolate,
 The bruised and broken heart ;
 But sadder, darker, lonelier far
 Than midnight's hour without one star,
 Or empty hearts to love exiled—
 A home without a little child.

O light of life,
 Where storm and strife
 Are hushed to lasting rest ;
 Where pain is healed
 And heaven revealed,
 And nothing lives unblest.
 Shrine of affection undefiled—
 A home where dwells a little child.

We sing "The angel of the hearth,"
 Of "Love's sweet power to charm,"
 Of all things pure in heaven and earth
 That shield our homes from harm.
 From these, though beautiful they be,
 We turn, O joy of joys, to thee !
 Purest of all things undefiled—
 A home where dwells a little child.

There lives a spell
 No tongue can tell,
 A charm surpassing fair—
 Where home is bright
 With loving light—
 God sent this blessing there.
 Ah, shadowy spot, to joy exiled—
 A home without a little child.

God help the man without a mate—
 The loved ones called to part!
 God help the house left desolate,
 The empty, aching heart.
 God help the tempest driven, whose way
 Is marked where no sweet sunbeams stray,
 Whose path lies where the rocks are piled,—
 But most, the home without a child.

Though tears and pain
 May long remain,
 Though many a hope lies dead.
 Yet joy will flee,
 Dear spot, to thee,
 Where childhood's light is shed.
 Shrine of affection undefiled—
 A home where dwells a little child.

But there are homes where sad hearts ache,
 Where nightly tears are shed—

But left them—else the heart would break—

The memory of the dead!

The empty crib, the toy laid by,

Treasured and kissed so tenderly;

The wounded heart, unreconciled—

The home robbed of its gentle child.

O heart unblest.

So sick for rest!

O hands outstretched for aid!

Sick of the gloom

By yonder tomb

Where thy lost pearl is laid.

A little while to joy exiled,

Then heaven's sweet home with that sweet child.

A DIRGE.

Child of the marble brow,

Fair as the dawn art thou—

Stainless and white, but as cold as the clay.

Pearl of the pulseless heart,

Passionless, pure thou art—

Pure as the angels that wooed thee away.

Beautiful, peerless one,

Joy that I rested on—

Mute are the lips that I pressed with my own.

Softly thy name I speak,
 Tenderly I kiss thy cheek—
 White as the marble, but cold as the stone.

Here at thy side I kneel,
 Hiding the pain I feel,
 Kissing the hands that lie clasped on thy breast.
 Oh! for the night to fall,
 Dark with its starless pall,
 Oh! to be laid at thy feet and at rest.

Soon will they bear thy clay
 Hence to the grave away,
 Soon will the darkness fall damp on thy brow,
 Then will my heart be hid
 Under thy coffin lid,
 Dearest and treasured one, lost to me now.

Pearl of the pulseless heart,
 Passionless, pure thou art—
 Pure as the angels that lured thee away,
 Child of the marble brow,
 Fair as the dawn art thou,
 Stainless and white, but as cold as the clay.

LINES WRITTEN ON AN OLD LETTER.

These lines are wet with many a tear
 By silent sorrow shed;
 The hand that trembling traced them here

Is cold and dead !
 They tell of love so sadly tried,
 Of yearning long, too long, denied.

The love that still unwearied clings
 To hope through many a pain,
 Till back to sorrow's heart she brings
 The light again,—
 That lingering weeps at heaven's dear shrine,
 And waits and wins, because divine.

And once again, in dreams I see
 A vision, oh ! how sweet :
 An old gray head bent reverently
 At Jesus' feet !
 The pleading hands outstretched in prayer !
 A white-winged angel lingering there.

O tell me not that prayer is lost,
 Or weak the human cry
 To save, 'ere ruin's line is crossed,
 Where crushed hearts die ;
 That they who weep, and work and wait
 Return unheard from mercy's gate.

Would, from thy rest beyond the grave,
 Dear sainted father, thou
 Couldst learn how strong thou wert to save,
 How answered now ;

How he for whom thy tears were given,
So loved thee and so sought thy heaven.

Ah, ye who work, and watch and pray,
With patient hearts and hands,
Beside you, on life's shadowy way
The angel stands ;
And ye shall reap who sow in tears
The harvest joy of after years.

BEEFSTEAK.

I'm half ashamed the truth to tell,
Yet must it be confessed,
There's something of the Cannibal
About me at the best.

I crave no viands rich and rare,
No dainties that you've got,
But give me in my bill of fare
A beefsteak smoking hot,
A beefsteak smoking hot.

O luscious morsel, rich and sweet !
O crowning joy of butcher's meat !
O dish the very gods might eat !
A beefsteak piping hot !

One night I passed a butcher's shop,
As hungry as a crane,

And there I spied a mutton chop .

Against the window pane !

And just a little way from that,

In beautiful relief,

Encircled by its rim of fat,

A noble round of beef,

A noble round of beef.

I paused awhile, then turned aside,

Came back again and almost cried,

So loved and yet so long denied !

That noble round of beef.

I had a dream that night when I

Half famished went to bed :

I saw an army marching by,

A butcher at its head !

And every man a trencher bore,

A mug and mustard pot,

And ah ! to try and tempt me sore—

A beefsteak smoking hot !

A beefsteak smoking hot !

I screamed with joy—the spell was broke !

From that enchanted dream I woke

And found 'twas nothing but a joke,

That beefsteak smoking hot.

There's hunger in my heart to-night,

A yearning, O how deep ;

Here lies my supper, but the sight !

It well nigh makes me weep.

A cup of tea, a scrap of pie,

A marrow bone that's bare,

Some scalloped things to please the eye,

But not a beefsteak there !

But not a beefsteak there !

O that some generous friend of mine,

Who loves the thing for which I pine,

Would ask me out some day to dine,

And have a beefsteak there.

CAPTIVE.

I saw a sad, sweet face to-day

Pressed to the window pane,

Soft liquid eyes of dark, dark gray,

That lingering looked far, far away

Across the summer plain

So sad the cheek, so thin and white,

So wan the childish brow,

That as I sit and muse to night

I see them in the pale starlight,

They haunt my memory now,

The flowers were nodding to and fro,

Their rose-tipped leaves apart,

While sang the brooklet soft and low,

The childhood songs she used to know,
Back to her listening heart

The scene around was wondrous fair,
By vale and river's brim ;
Soft summer fragrance filled the air,
And still the white cheek rested there
Till the sweet eyes grew dim.

What visions from the far blue skies,
What dream of hill and vale,
Came with those voiceful memories
To light awhile the pensive eyes
And flush a cheek so pale.

O prisoned heart, in sad unrest !
Poor heart, so lone and low,
Fain would I lift thee to my breast,
And bear thee to some grassy nest
Where purple violets blow.

The longing, lingering, lonely look,
The wan, wan cheek so white ;
The heart that heard the singing brook,
The eyes that sought the shady nook,
Are in my dreams to-night.

- LOST.

The winter winds go moaning by,
 As though in sorrow weeping,
 And all beneath the leaden sky
 In shrouds of snow is sleeping ;
 But o'er the bleak and trackless waste
 A wanderer lately crossed.
 While sobs the cold and mournful blast—
 He's lost, lost, lost !
 God help the soul that's tempest tossed,
 God help the weary wanderer lost.

O'er yonder wild and restless wave,
 The fire-winged storm is flashing,
 By rock and cave deep thunders rave
 And billows wild are dashing :
 But o'er that seething, wailing tide
 A bark but lately crossed,
 And winds are shrieking wild and wide—
 She's lost, lost, lost !
 God help the mariner tempest tossed,
 God help the gallant crew that's lost !

See yonder temple glittering bright
 In all its tinsel'd glory,
 There vice enslaved with ghastly might
 The weak, the young and hoary.

There, tempted by some wanton's spells,
 A youth the threshold crossed,
 And there, a muffled whisper tells,
 He's lost, lost, lost !
 God help the blind that's tempest tossed,
 God help the young so sadly lost !

See yonder hearth so silent now,
 That wife so lone and cheerless,
 A drunkard's victim, once that brow,
 That home to him were peerless.
 The wan and mournful face reveals
 What blight that young life crossed,
 The soft, sad eye to heaven appeals—
 He's lost, lost, lost !
 God help the wife so tempest tossed,
 God help the drunkard madly lost !

O Father ! Thou whose kindly deeds
 No human life can number,
 Whose generous hand the raven feeds,
 Whose eyelids know no slumber,
 Wilt thou in mercy guard and guide
 The heart by sorrow crossed ?
 Shield thou the tempted and the tried,
 And save, O save, the lost !
 Fold to thy breast the tempest tossed,
 And save the soul not wholly lost

WHEN THE DARK HOUR COMES

When the dark hour comes, O to whom will you fly ?
 Where hide when the angel of death passes by ?
 What hand will you grasp as you enter the gloom ?
 What star glimmer o'er you, what lamp will illumine ?

When the dark hour comes, as it comes to us all,
 Whose arm will support you, on whom will you call ?
 What shadow of light from the past will arise,
 A pall o'er your heart or a beam in your skies ?

Too oft in our pride and self glory we dream
 There is much in our lives every fault to redeem.
 No avenger is near us, no phantom we dread,
 As we bury the dust of our sins with the dead.

But alas ! from the grave will their ashes return,
 And kindled to life in our souls will they burn ?
 The avenger but waits, and he'll smite for the past,
 When the dark hour comes, as it comes at the last.

O fool ! but to fancy that help will be near,
 That the angel of peace at your call will appear,
 When you clothe every page of the past with a pall,
 O'er whose darkness no tear of repentance will fall.

O Saviour of life! while its brightness is by,
 Teach us to remember the cloud draweth nigh;
 'Tis thine and thine only, to lighten the gloom,
 And thine to support as we enter the tomb.

When the dark hour comes, O to whom will you fly?
 Where hide when the angel of death passeth by?
 What hand will you grasp as you enter the gloom?
 What star glimmer o'er you, what lamp will illumine?

—•••—
 EVENING

'Tis eve, yet the robin still lingers
 To pour out his heart ere he flies—
 Ere night with her shadowy fingers
 Hath plucked the last beam from the skies.

The heat of the noontide is over,
 The songbirds are hushed in the trees;
 I have watched for thy steps like a lover,
 Sweet hour of the balm and the breeze.

How soft art the shadows thou 'rt sending,
 How sweet is thy blush in the vale,
 And afar where thy roses are blending,
 One star watches softly and pale.

The morn hath a fairy-like splendor,
 The night hath a glory divine;
 But thou comest with joy ever tender—
 The light and the shadow are thine.

The voice of the summer wind sighing,
 Low murmuring, soft through the glen;
 The call of the night wind replying—
 Sweet twilight, we hail thee again.

Come, breathe on my brow ere thou goest,
 O summer wind, gentle and kind,
 There is peace in the kiss thou bestowest—
 Thou leavest no sorrow behind.

I have wooed thee when far o'er the mountain
 Thy wing with the night dew was cold,
 And at morn when the purple lipped fountain
 Its tales of thy tenderness told.

I have felt on my cheek thy caressing,
 And touched thy light pinions with joy,
 As they swept o'er that vale like a blessing,
 The home of my heart when a boy.

Thy wings with soft fragrance are laden,
 Thy breath is with melody sweet:
 Hast thou come from the land of bright Aiden,
 Or trampled the rose with thy feet?

Sweet hour of the balm and the breezes;
 Sweet song of the murmuring streams,
 When beauty enchants all she seizes,
 And fills the soft night with her dreams.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Rest thee, beloved ! Bright be thy dreams to-night,
 Bathed as thou art in slumber still and deep ;
 Mine the last face that faded from thy sight
 When thy dear head fell on my heart asleep.

Love is so potent, it can shield thee long
 And shape thy dreams with more than earthly power,
 It lights all life, and makes the watcher strong
 To guard thy slumbers till the waking hour.

Will I be with thee, darling, where thou art,
 In that sweet dreamland but to childhood known,
 Or wilt thou still seem nestling on the heart
 Whose tender beating answers to thine own ?

The lovelight lingers on thy baby brow :
 Thy lips, balm breathing, like two rosebuds part.
 Broods not some angel o'er thy pillow now,
 Kissing the dreamlight round thy quiet heart.

Yet midst the throngs that look upon His face
 No watcher's heart hath deeper love than mine ;
 Time hath not chilled a father's fond embrace,
 Nor stained the lip, sweet lamb, that presses thine.

How much of heaven upon our homes is pressed ;
 How low it bends the hungry heart to meet,
 An Elim's shade where weary feet may rest
 By Marah's waters one dear spring is sweet.

Rest thee, beloved! My heart keeps watch to-night,
 And guards thy slumber, O so still and deep!
 Mine the last face that faded from thy sight
 As thy dear head fell on that heart asleep.

TO M. A. H.,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY.

I've looked upon your face to-day—

To me still fair!

But girlhood's bloom has passed away,

And there are threads of silver gray

Amidst your hair.

And yet I felt that time had shed

Its holiest blessings on that head

Though from your cheek the light had fled—

The peace was there.

When years ago I took your hand

For life allied

We started through a fairy land

With many a dream that two had planned,

Yet long denied.

What though life's rosier light is gone,

And tempest rocked, and worn, and wan,

There's something left to lean upon—

The true and tried.

Look round ! Where are the friends we knew

In years gone by—

Gone, gone !—yet yonder heaven of blue

Is still as bright to me and you,

And God as nigh.

The storm may come, the storm may go

And light our shadow, weal or woe,

They'll find us strong and leave us so—

Our rock on high !

And round us is a happy band—

Hearts that are dear ;

We may not tread the fairy land,

But heart to heart and hand to hand

We'll know no fear.

And when at last we pass away,

They'll weep and watch beside our clay

And kiss those threads of silver gray

As I do here.

SUNSET.

Sweet star of summer's eventide

O'er yonder sea of light,

Where many a cloudlet crimson dyed

Is cradled on the night.

And back from many a purple isle

The darkness rolleth for awhile ;

As sunset o'er that billowy sea

Unveils her heart of hearts to thee.

I watched thy coming long ago,
 When but a pensive child,
 Where Vincent's dark blue mountains glow
 By Huron wide and wild.
 And softly, lovingly as now
 The night dews kissed my throbbing brow ;
 I felt with bird, and breeze, and flower,
 The witching^{ery} of the sunset hour

O far off home of boyhood's dreams—
 Dear land remembered long—
 The magic of the mountain streams.
 Thy valleys filled with song.
 Through blighted hope ; through pain and tears ;
 Through wandering and through burdened years ;
 Denied, unsought, and tempest driven,
 Ye tell of rest, and home, and heaven.

To-night!—and such a night as this—
 His touch on yonder skies,
 Where clouds are bathed in Eden bliss,
 And stars in splendor rise.
 I bless Him in the bonds he's cleft ;
 The wreath of hope—of joy that's left ;
 The shield and shelter ever nigh,
 The peace that cometh by and by.

I turn from these thy works to thee,
 O refuge of our race !

If earthly scenes be fair to see
 What is thy dwelling place?
 The glowing sunshine's crimson light;
 The splendor of the starry night;
 The rainbow arched from zone to zone
 Are shadows only of thy throne.

Thou stoapest with a tender heart
 To every little thing;
 A refuge and a rock thou art,
 A Father and 'a King!
 Did not life's darkness dim our sight;
 Its sorrows hide thine own sweet light,
 How much of goodness could we see?
 How much of love that tells of thee?

SONG.

Behold she bows her crested head
 At Freedom's sainted shrine;
 She feels the arm of Him who led
 The pilgrims was divine;
 And they who bled for home are free
 Famed with an immortality.

With them it was a glorious strife
 For freedom and for right;
 And home, and liberty, and life,
 Their watchwords in the fight;
 The battle call that won for them
 A nation's glorious diadem.

